

THE LIBERATOR
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
AT THE
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, in advance.
Five copies will be sent to one address for ten dollars, if payment be made in advance.
All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed, (overpaid), to the General Agent.
Advertisements making less than one square inch, three times 75 cents—one square for \$1.00.
The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.
The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts of the paper, viz.:—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELIAS GRAY, LOUIS, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILBRICK, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.
In the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of every question are impartially allowed a

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXV. NO. 25.

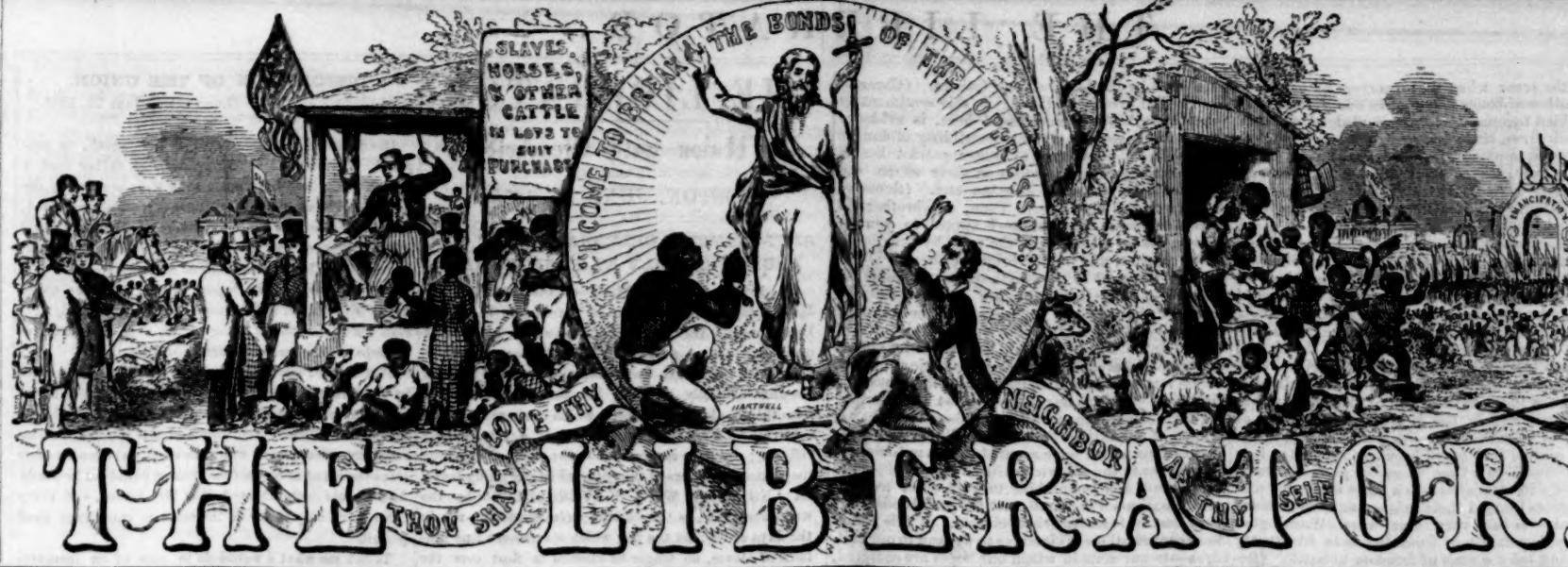
REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

If the inhabitants of the State of Massachusetts could be interrogated one by one, and the sentiments of each individual citizen could be truly ascertained, it would be little doubt that a majority of those who representatively recently passed the Personal Liberty Bill, would be found hostile to that unconstitutional measure.

We believe that the bulk of the population of Massachusetts approves of the extreme course of Gov. Gardner, and anxiously seek fellowship with Union men. A man has, none the less, been left upon the fair name of the State of Hancock, the Adams, and Daniel Webster, which it will be done in reputation, the wages of sin. Wild as the excitement has been and is, there exists more sternness of virtue and clearness of judgment in Massachusetts than our Southern brethren are willing to admit; and in the day of battle we hope to see all called forth in behalf of State regeneration, the repeal of those laws which have disgraced the late Legislature, and a return to the veneration for the Constitution which in days not long past distinguished the Bay State.



THE LIBERATOR.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

No Union with Slaveholders!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.

Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was THE STIPULATION TO SURRENDER FUGITIVE SLAVES—an engagement positively prohibited by the law of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for SLAVES—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons. . . . in fact, the oppressor representing the oppressed! . . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress; and thereby to MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—John Quincy Adams.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1855.

WHOLE NUMBER 1094.

SELECTIONS.

From the London Anti-Slavery Advocate for June.

MR. PILLSBURY IN DUBLIN.

A meeting was convened on the evening of the 4th of May, in the hall of the Dublin Mechanics' Institute, Lower Abbey street, to hear a lecture from Mr. Pillsbury; Mr. R. D. Webb in the chair.

The Chairman gave a sketch of the encroachments of the Slave Power in the United States, and of the energetic and faithful labors of the American abolitionists, and introduced Mr. P. to the meeting as one of the most faithful and indefatigable laborers in the anti-slavery ranks.

Mr. Pillsbury then rose, and spoke for about an hour, with much feeling, and in a clear and forcible manner, of which we can convey but a faint outline. He declared he would gladly deserve the character which their Chairman had given of him, for he regarded the anti-slavery cause in America as the highest and most truly religious action of the present age, and he would feel it a high honor to be identified with it. His connection with that cause had enabled him to read with unspotted eyes the history of the labors and sufferings of the early Christian apostles, and to sympathize with their position as the scouring of all things—persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; a sect everywhere spoken against. Such had been the experience of the abolitionists of America. He said it might be interesting to an Irish audience to hear, that one of the last friends to whom he bade adieu, when leaving America, was an Irishman; who charged him to tell his countrymen in Ireland that, however great might be their sufferings from poverty and unjust legislation in their native land, their position was happy when compared with that of the American slave. The American slave does not own the fruits of his labor, he may not protect the honor of his wife, he may not educate his child, wife and child may be sold from him forever—even his physical comfort is generally less regarded than that of his master's horse or dog. If he is so fortunate as to belong to a kind master—a Shelly or a St. Clair—he trembles lest his master may be forced by circumstances to sell him, or may die and leave him to be made over at the auction-block into the hands of a Simon Legree. Yet some will say that the slave is happy, because he laughs and dances on a holiday! So the poor maniac can laugh and dance in his cell; but is he therefore happy? Grant the slave happy in his degraded position,—this would but show to what depths slavery can sink its victim, and be one of the strongest arguments against it. Mr. Pillsbury dwelt upon the shortcomings of the American church on this subject. They compare for the most part, at this great iniquity, admitting slaves to eat in the sacramental bread and wine, and even to their pulpits as ministers of the gospel; yet ministers are among the most cruel of masters. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is a powerful, active and zealous mission-association, which compasses sea and land to make converts to Christianity at an enormous cost, and to spread the Bible in foreign lands; but it will not give the Bible to the slave at home, and whipsers search a word against the system that seeks to blot the divine nature out of its victims—it millions of victims;—for the sixth part of the population of the United States are slaves, and every holding in the meeting, that two admirable portraits of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, which had just arrived from America, adorned the walls of the room, forming an additional link binding the slaves to the true and noble hand of abolitionists on the other side of the Atlantic.

Besides these meetings, Mr. Pillsbury attended a social anti-slavery meeting in Liverpool, two in Manchester, and one in Warrington, since our last report.

MR. PILLSBURY IN LIVERPOOL.

On Friday evening, the 11th May, Parker Pillsbury, Esq., met a number of ladies at the house of the Rev. Francis Bishop, Liverpool, to explain the position and character of the anti-slavery cause in America.

In a quiet but deeply earnest address of some length, Mr. Pillsbury went down to the root of the question, expounding the philosophy of the anti-slavery movement in the United States, in such a way as to give his hearers a clear comprehension of the nature of the work to be done; and the singleness of purpose, the deep faith in God, and the undivided allegiance to truth and humanity indispensably required at the hands of those who would aspire to do it. It was a cause that soared above all the shifting expediences and ever-varying schemes of worldly and selfish politicians. It was too sacred to be made the tool of sect or party. It was worldwide in its sympathies, uncompromisingly catholic in its spirit, holy in its objects; and it could be promoted only by moral and religious means. It appeals to men's hearts and consciences, on the ground of the essential and inherent sinfulness of slavery, wherever and by whomsoever practised. The men who carried forward such a cause, in such a spirit, must make up their minds to be denounced by infidels and disengagers. Such had been the lot of reformers of moral wrong in all ages; but if abolitionists are true to their position, God would exonerate their work, and humanity would bless their memories. The names of Garrison and Phillips and Parker would be held in the highest reverence, when those of Moses Stuart, Orville Dewey, and Nehemiah Adams would be utterly forgotten, or remembered only to be execrated.

Mr. Pillsbury's address was followed by general conversation, and it was ultimately resolved to form a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society for Liverpool and the neighborhood, and to meet again that day fortnight, when it was hoped Mr. Pillsbury would again be present. It was an interesting feature in the meeting, that two admirable portraits of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, which had just arrived from America, adorned the walls of the room, forming an additional link binding the slaves to the true and noble hand of abolitionists on the other side of the Atlantic.

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On motion, the convention then adjourned sine die.

DISUNION AGAIN.

The resolutions of the Committee, as thus amended, were, on motion, unanimously passed.

The Hon. Howell Cobb, being called on, addressed the convention in an eloquent and convincing speech, and was followed by the Hon. Wm. H. Stiles, Hon. John E. Ward, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, R. J. Coward, Esq., and Dr. McGhee, who also addressed the convention in an animated and appropriate manner.

Gov. Johnson being in the Hall, was loudly called for, and came forward and addressed the convention in a brief and eloquent response.

On motion, the convention then adjourned sine die.

DISUNION AGAIN.

The Richmond Post, an organ of the Nativists, thus taunts the North with its want of courage, and with its devotion to the interests of trade:

'The North never had any sympathy for the South, nor for anything else but the "almighty dollar." It if keeps within the bounds of the Union, it is not because it has any affection for the South, but because it knows that the South is its best customer. If the Union is to be dissolved, the South will have to do it. It will never be done by the North. The Yankees will sit down to count the cost, and by the time they have finished the sum, will "calculate" that it "costs a tarnation, too much money, any way you can fix it."

So we set down all this vaporizing for what it is worth, and that is just nothing at all. When were the Northern States ever known to have any genuine sympathy for every portion of the Union, or for any class of people? This very nigger-loving mania is a matter of speculation. They hope, by keeping up the excitement, to get a preponderating vote in Congress, and thus get all the power and all the plunder in their own hands. If there has been civil war, it is due to the emigrant aid societies. If no more slave States are to be admitted, the Slave Power takes care to keep the number of slaveholding States about equal to that of the free; so that the cause of freedom cannot have a majority in the Senate. Bills originating in the lower House, (or House of Representatives,) must pass the Senate also, before the President's signature, before becoming law. Thus there is little hope for the slave from political action. "Ours," said he, "is essentially a moral and religious movement, and seeks to influence the individual conscience." He exhorted his hearers to deal faithfully with the pro-slavery Americans (ministers or laity) who travel in these lands; and, like their great countryman O'Connell, refused to touch their favorite notice and assistance the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar, to which contributions have been annually sent by the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society of Dublin. He recommended them to take, read and circulate, the Anti-Slavery Advocate, which would give them valuable information, and increase their interest in a cause worthy of their best efforts.

After a few remarks from Mr. James Haughton, the meeting separated.

The voice of Mr. Pillsbury is not loud, but it is rich, distinct and clear, and is calculated to arrest and rivet the attention of an audience. He was heard throughout with great attention by a very mixed assembly of about five hundred persons, composed wholly of the middle and operative classes. We were impressed on this occasion by a sense of the difficulty of addressing an Irish assembly, without a previous acquaintance with its prejudices and prepossessions of the hearers. As the majority are probably Roman Catholics, familiar allusions to the Bible, or quotations from its pages, are but little responded to, and may even subject the speaker to the suspicion of entertaining a desire to temper with the religious faith of his hearers. We have seen an able English lecturer, and almost to apologize, for having used the word *Jesuitical* as an English adjective, not in a religious sense, or with any special reference to the Jesuits themselves. Allusions to the anti-slavery cause, however, are received with tumultuous approbation by an Irish audience; and commendations of the abolition of slavery in Catholic Mexico, as contrasted with its re-establishment by Protestant slaveholders on the annexation.

In this negation to the Union, the Constitution

and the church, indulging in positiveness only to

Mr. Garrison, he starves and cramps his fine powers

to suicide. Certainly they were distorted to

injustice in saying there was no church in this city

that would open to their Anniversary, so that they

would have to take the theatre—that the religion of the

churches of New York—that in no church this side

Brooklyn Ferry is preached the whole gospel of

Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is wonderful how much

some strangers know of New York. Yet it is hard

to be presumed that every body in New England

knows everything of New York, or that even the

keenest eyed one of them landing from a sound

steamboat on a West Street pier, in a rainy morn-

ing, making his directest way into Broadway, and

journeying under the dark storm up the great thor-

oughfare of the city the whole way. Metropolitan

theatre, should be entirely all that is in all the

churches of the city. Yet Mr. Phillips made the

assertions unqualifiedly and absolutely. It was odd

while we were supposed they took the new,

spacious, elegant Metropolitan. Then that our

temple of elegance failed in its eligible locali-

ty, in ample, comfortable, elegant accommoda-

tions; and while the succeeding sessions of the

Anniversary, of which this was but the first meet-

ing, were to be in the Free-Will Baptist Church,

Sullivan street; and while it is known quite well

to some of us here that in that church, as well as

in some others certainly on this side, is preached

as complete a gospel as on the other side the Ferry.

It appears well in a speech to a great auditory,

where he undertakes to inform them of matters of

their city, to know something of the things where-

of he affirms and denies. The highest eloquence,

in some of the qualities of eloquence, is made poor,

if not worse than that, by lack of truth. Mr.

Phillips would not wilfully speak nutritions of the

churches or anything else of New York, but he for-

gets in these cases the importance of information,

that a stranger may entirely understand every

thing of a city as large and various as this. I am

told that in the subsequent sessions of the meet-

ing, were to be in the Free-Will Baptist Church,

Mr. Garrison attempted to mend the matter of Mr. Phillips' dia-

logue, by saying it was meant of the "reputable

churches." Certainly, this was not over compli-

mentary to the Free-Will brethren, who are quite

respectable persons generally, whose church is, or

has till now, been considered a respectable church,

or "reputable" in some of the best qualities of a

church. But the explanation, unflattering as it

was, had this virtue, that it was spoken (as I sup-

pose) to the face of the persons concerned, and in

the very church-building in question.

KNOW NOTHING CONVENTION—SPEECHES OF MESSRS. FOSTER AND WILSON.

The following are the speeches made by Councillor Foster and Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, in the Know Nothing National Convention at Philadelphia, on Tuesday of last week:

Mr. Foster, of Massachusetts, said that he was aware that Massachusetts appeared here under unfavorable circumstances. Systematic attempt had been made, and particularly by the delegates from New York, to exclude the utterance of their voice in this National Council. A member of that delegation had attempted to fetter the free speech of the North, by saying that it must be bound by the principles of the majority. For his part, he repudiated all such attempts by his system of oaths, or any dogmas of the Convention. He would withdraw, but he would violate none of their secret proceedings. He therefore withdrew.

Mr. Pillsbury's address was followed by general conversation, and it was ultimately resolved to form a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society for Liverpool and the neighborhood, and to meet again that day

fortnight, when it was hoped Mr. Pillsbury would again be present. It was an interesting feature in the meeting, that two admirable portraits of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, which had just arrived from America, adorned the walls of the room, forming an additional link binding the slaves to the true and noble hand of abolitionists on the other side of the Atlantic.

He then went on to say, — give us this sentiment to inscribe on our banner, ‘The Restoration of the Missouri Compromise,’ and we could carry every free State from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. We can elect a president by Northern votes; and to show the South that we were not influenced by narrow or sectional feelings, we stood ready to make a Southern man our standard-bearer. If, on the other hand, you deny us this, the strength and energy of this organization is gone at once and forever. We cannot maintain ourselves at home for an hour. If Mr. Webster failed to bring Massachusetts, to whom he was linked by hooks of steel, cordially to support the fugitive act, much less can we reconcile her to this platform. You call upon us to sacrifice ourselves when it can do you no good. I for one, sir, am not ambitious of such a crown of martyrdom.

He proceeded to say that Massachusetts had been taunted with disunion, she was misunderstood. She was loyal to the Constitution and the laws. Within her borders, fast by the Atlantic and within the sound of its mighty dashings, slept one who pre-eminently and by universal consent was denominated ‘The Defender of the Constitution.’ We had not forgotten his great teachings, — the matured results of that magnificent intellect. We still cherished his memory. His grave was watered not simply by the tears of Massachusetts, but by those from every quarter of the Union. The passing cloud which obscured his setting sun did not make us unmindful of the many years during which he shone with undimmed lustre. But how, men of the South, did you treat that great man, after he had made so many sacrifices in your behalf? You denied him the poor barren honor of a nomination. Then it was the iron entered his soul. He went home to die. In his early career, he had been animated by high hopes; at its close, by bitter disappointments. But he did not repine. What a glorious death-bed was his! With the calmness of a philosopher, and the hope and assurance of a Christian, he awaited the approach of the great event. He wrapped the drapery of his couch around him, and lay down, we trust, to pleasant dreams!

MUR. WILSON'S SPEECH.

Mrs. Squires of New York made a coarse and violent assault upon Massachusetts, and especially upon Gen. Wilson, charging him with a determination to break up the organization.

Gen. Wilson rose to repel the unprovoked assault made upon his State, and to rebuke the insolence of the member from New York. All would bear witness that he (Gen. W.) had uttered no words of unkindness to any one during the sittings of the Convention. From gentleness from the South, he had received acts of kindness he should ever remember, and all would notice that the wanton assault of the member from New York was wholly unprovoked. This member had declared that the anti-slavery movement had thrown up small men. The exhibition the member had made of himself proved that he is the last creature on earth to sneer at any one for want of ability, temper or manners.

Gen. Wilson said he and his associates stood upon that floor with 80,000 Massachusetts freemen at their backs—the delegates from New York stood there with only a baffled and defeated faction behind them—men of buckram. Seward trod his heel upon the necks of the rampant gentlemen from New York, and if this New York platform was agreed to, he would look down into their political graves. New York must be and shall be held responsible for the platform: it was their work. We could not stand upon it in a single free State of the North. The member says he will go to the democrats; if the restoration platform is adopted, let him go—let his associates go, bag and baggage—we shall lose little of either talent, character or power. He will no longer be a hypocrite, he tells us, we are glad to hear it.

Adopt this platform, and the North will repudiate it and you—it has sent 120 pledged men to Congress to restore freedom to Kansas—will these men, in their own interests, and violate these pledges? Never will they do so. Mr. Barker, who wanted to be Mayor of New York, and could not, who wanted to be president of this Council, and could not get it because we wanted a man who knew something more than to repeat the parrot phrase—No North, no South, no East, no West; and would not have one that blasphemously sneers at the higher law—he boasted of their victories in New York! That State had resolved in favor of restoring the Missouri Compromise. She was in favor of it by tens of thousands. We mean to hunt down these men of the North, who betray us—we will look down into the political graves of these apostates of New York—these men who are false to the North, and not true to the South.

Massachusetts was not there to save the Union—it was safe—we don't raise the question in Massachusetts. Liberty, not the Union, is in danger, and he was here to help preserve it. He would give the South all its rights, but we demanded all our rights. Nineteen years ago, standing beside Williams' slave pen in the capital, he pledged himself to liberty, and he had never in public, or in private, at home or abroad, spoken or written one word inconsistent with that pledge, and he never would to save any party, or at the command of any power on earth. He would trample with disdain upon your platform—for which New York was responsible—so would the North.

Gen. Wilson also treated the constitutional argument in relation to slavery, and set against the speech of Judge Hopkins of Indiana, the decision of the Supreme Court that ‘slavery was a mere municipal regulation, limited by the verge of the local law.’ He told the South they would be glad to rely upon this doctrine, and to adopt the principle of State rights as to slavery.

GLORIFICATION OF THE UNION.
On Thursday evening, 15th inst., the Mayor and citizens of Philadelphia entertained the delegates to the National Know Nothing Convention, at a grand banquet in Sansom Street Hall—Mayor Conrad presiding. Several Southern slaveholders made speeches, every one of whom spent his breath in glorifying the Union, and pleading earnestly with the North for its perpetuity. A most pregnant fact! Below we give the ‘high fatuity’ speech of the Hon. Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, in response to the first toast, ‘*The Union!*’

Hard indeed is the task imposed on him to whom is assigned the duty of responding to such a sentiment as this of the Union, around which cluster so many hallowed and heart-stirring associations. The Union! the very word of poetry itself; aye, the poetry of patriotism! What tongue so eloquent as to portray its beauties—what heart so full as to appreciate its glories—what brain so capacious as to estimate its value! The Union! the very mention of the word is enough to still all the tumults of our troubled nature—to hush all the angry contentions of conflicting interests—to allay all the anxieties of the patriot's heart in reference to our country's future. (Applause.) The idea of the Union of these States! How vast the field of contemplation which opens before the human mind! It grasps within its horoscope the glorious associations of the past, the most intense appreciation of our present blessings, the most intense and anxious hope as to the glories of our country's future. The Union of these States! Why, the very idea carries back the mind to the time when our Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, at Jamestown, and at Roanoke—when their hearts and their arms, nerve'd with strength and vigor, impelled by a devotion to civil liberty, and a resistance to religious oppression, they braved all the storms of the ocean—they suffered all the privations and perils which were peculiar to a people flying from oppression to a distant wilderness. The same idea of the Union comprehends the time—when we glistened still further along down the stream of history—when our patriot fathers, stung by the oppression of the mother country, were fashed into resistance, and took up arms for the purpose of asserting the great principles with which were the rights of a British subject, and which they supposed had been invaded. The same idea of the Union covers the time when that conclave of sages met in this very city—aye, my brethren, with a few hundred yards of the very spot where we are now congregated. And really when I allude to the important event in our history—when I feel the stirring associations connected with it—when I feel that I am within sight of that hallowed place, I feel as Moses did in the sight of the burning bush: that the very ground on which I stand is holy ground. (Tremendous applause.)

My friends and brethren, this idea of the Union! The Union! It carries your mind's eye

back to the scene when that conclave of sages—those hallowed bones now rest in our classic soil, assembled together, and there pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, (great applause,) and declared that these provinces were, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. It covers associations still more thrilling than those; it carries you back to all the battle-fields of the Revolution. This idea of the Union! it covers the sacrifices of our fathers at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, at Brandywine, at Guilford, at Camden, where the blood of heroes crimsoned the soil, and watered that tree of liberty under whose spreading branches we now—(posing in peace and quietude. (Tremendous applause.) Yes, my friends, this idea of the Union, which was the result of our fathers' sacrifice, cannot fail to carry back your minds to the perils, the sufferings of those heroes, and of that man whose name is hallowed in the hearts and affections of every lover of his country—to a time, I say, when British cannon was heard booming across the harbor of Boston—to a time when the patriot's heart struggled with anxieties—to a time when our patriot mothers hurried their infants to their bosom in despair—to that very time when Washington (loud applause) drew from his side his trusty sword, and led the sons of freedom to battle. (Revered applause.) Gentlemen, in contemplating the glories of that time, you cannot fail to observe in the foreground of the picture the calm countenance of that great man to whom I have alluded, ever placid amid the storms, the strife, and the tempests of battle—that great man, I say, who has come down to history the greatest, the noblest, the mightiest among those.

—few, the immortal names

That were not born to die. (Great applause.)

My brothers, this idea of the Union! It is an event in our history no less momentous even than that—I refer to that time when these hero statesmen assembled for the purpose of framing that glorious constitution under which we live; when, coming together from all parts of this vast confederacy, with conflicting feelings, representing conflicting interests, they there laid deep and strong the foundation of this glorious temple of liberty, around whose altar their sons may assemble, and there offer up their sacrifices of peace and eternal concord. (Great enthusiasm.) This was the Union of these States. That idea, I say, even, covers the glorious achievements by our flag, during our last war with Great Britain; for it was because the nationality of our country was affected—because our equality represented by this Union, emblematised by the stars and stripes—was violated, that we drew the sword in that contest; and it was in that contest that national equality was avenged in the blood of the enemy. And looking up to a period still later, and within the knowledge of all of us—to our recent war with Mexico—we even see that it was under the broadegis of the Union—the Union as embodied in the stars and stripes—that our sons marched over hecatombs of the slain to the very walls of Montezuma; and as the beams of the rising sun shot athwart the eastern mountains, they first greeted that glorious flag which is still there. (Great applause.) Brothers, this idea of the Union covers the broad positions which we now occupy among the nations of the earth. Let us at our present position. What is it that has subjugated the South? What is it that has whitened with the sail of commerce those lakes and rivers on which those solitudes had brooded for ages? What is it which has carried our science, our arts, our manufactures and our arms from the sheltering beach of the Atlantic to the heaving crags of the Pacific? It is the Union of the States. (Applause.) By this, from one end of the country to the other, we have the same language, the same literature, the same laws and the same institutions. By this, you see the school houses and the church first twine their spires heavenward as you go into the wilderness. By this you see commerce, agriculture and manufactures in every direction. By this you see the glorious heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race—the common law—dispensing its blessings. Travel, I say, from the Northern lakes to the Southern gulf, from the icy regions which border on the British possessions to the sunny groves of the South—go where you will throughout the confines of this broad country, and ‘the meanest rill, the mightiest river rolls, mingling with its name divinity.’ (Great applause.)

Brethren, not only does this idea of the Union cover the present, but it covers the glorious anticipations of the future. (Great applause.) Let this glorious Union be maintained and preserved. (Loud cheers, and cries of ‘Good for Massachusetts.’) Let American liberty, American law, and American religion be preserved. (Great enthusiasm.) Let the camp fires of freedom be lighted on every hill! Let the stars and stripes float in triumph on every breeze—(tremendous applause)—until your heart swells with the very poetry of freedom as it contemplates our future destiny. When we shall have performed our duties here, and shall have gone to that country ‘from whose bosoms no earthly returns,’ still these great and glorious and inseparable institutions will be as brightly enjoyed by our posterity. What is it which has astonished the better part of the Southerners by its inappropriateness, coarseness and vulgarity. By the charge of Gov. Gardner was denied, with coarse insults, by the New Yorkers, but its truth is within the knowledge of many gentlemen, with whom they can bear no comparison for character and respectability.’

—purchased by the blood of our fathers. (Cheers.) The cordial greeting with which this sentiment of the Union, has been received here, is evidence that we believe that the bare possibility of danger to this Union is enough to arouse patriotic hearts to a determination that so far as their efforts can avail, this Union shall have no end. (Renewed and protracted cheering.) Then, my brothers, I appeal to you in conclusion—I appeal to you by those glorious memories of the past, by the glories of the present, and by the bright prospects of the future; I appeal to the North by her glorious associations, to the South by her glorious associations, to the common interests and the common prosperity of both. Before we leave this city of Philadelphia, let us have laid the foundations broad and deep and everlasting. (Enthusiastic applause, which rendered inaudible the close of the sentence.) Brothers, what are our labors what the sacrifice required of us, compared to the labors and the sacrifices of our fathers? It is in this Union and these institutions which have secured to us a nationality, which gives to the American citizen his proud port in every land, and enables him to walk erect through all the nations of the earth, with the profound consciousness that he is an American citizen. If this Union (loud applause) has secured all these blessings to us, and to our children, and daughters, who are the darlings of our hearts—and if we contemplate the sacrifice our fathers made in giving us such a government, and in transmitting it to such institutions—if we have not patriotism and wisdom and conciliation enough to preserve these institutions, and to transmit them to our children as we received them from our forefathers, I blush to say that we shall have become bastards sons of an illustrious ancestry. (Cheers.) But I will not believe it. I do not believe it. I feel in my heart and in my soul that there is patriotism and conservatism enough now assembled in Philadelphia to save this glorious Union. Let us do our duty. Let us make those small sectional sacrifices which may be necessary under the exigencies of the case to perpetuate this Union. We shall then have secured our nationality, thank God! We then shall have secured the great principle of religious freedom; and after having discharged our duty, we shall die with the proud consciousness that owing to our efforts in great part,

‘The star-spangled banner forever shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.’

Mr. Raynor then resumed his seat amidst enthusiastic demonstrations of applause. Three hearty cheers were given for the ‘Old North State,’ and three more for ‘The Union.’

THE NEW YORK TRAITORS.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the Springfield Republican, in the course of a spirited sketch of the proceedings of the National K. N. Convention, says—

‘The gross defection of the New York delegation to the ultra South, has been the worst feature of the struggle upon the slavery question. Besides breaking the North, it destroyed the influence of the moderate men from the South, who stood ready to concede the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, but had it been demanded by a united North. But when the poor lick-spittles from New York declared that they did not want such restoration, that the introduction of it into the platform would embarrass and divide their councils at home, and warned the South not to make too much concession to the North, the generous men of North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Maryland could not stand up against the demands of their more ultra and exacting Southern associates. Their mouths were shut. New York and Virginia and South Carolina and Georgia harmonized throughout; and as ever before, the North was betrayed by its doughfaces.

Gov. Gardner roused the ire of these miserable traitors of the Empire State, when he told them, in the presence of the whole convention, on Monday evening, how they had destroyed the North, and disgusted and embarrassed the South. He charged it directly upon one of their number, that after a most decidedly pro-slavery platform had been adopted by the committee, he went to Southern gentlemen, and told them they were conceding too much, that New York was ready to go farther in support of slavery, and that there should no yielding to the anti-slavery sentiment of the free States. Southern gentlemen were so astonished and disgusted at this, that they could not forbear repeating it to the Massachusetts delegation. They have won the right to all the high-minded gentlemen of the South, for their manly dignity and fidelity to the opinions of their state. The charge of Gov. Gardner was denied, with coarse insults, by the New Yorkers, but its truth is within the knowledge of many gentlemen, with whom they can bear no comparison for character and respectability.’

SOUTHERN INSOLENCE AND NORTHERN PLUCK.
At an early period in the proceedings of the recent National Know Nothing Convention at Philadelphia—

‘The question of admitting the Louisiana Delegation, was at first postponed, was up. But the boiling blood of Virginia, which had been seething all the week against Massachusetts and Senator Bowlin, would no longer, and Mr. Bowlin of that State opened upon them in a long and abusive tirade. The whole afternoon session was thus devoted to a free talk on Slavery. President Barker refused to entertain a point of order, but throwing the gates wide open. The tide poured in a torrent for near three hours. The Union went all to smoulder several times. But Albert Pike and others gathered up the fragments for use to-morrow, when the ball would be reopened. Mr. Bowlin's speech very much annoyed the better part of the Southerners by its inappropriateness, coarseness and vulgarity. He came close to the wall. When he was about to repeat his charge of ‘Know-Nothing’ in Virginia—said negroes were but one remove from monkeys, and acquired himself generally in the liveliest style of negro-driving.

Gen. Wilson replied with admirable coolness and bold frankness. He said he was the last man to shrink, at home or abroad, from the frank avowal of his opinions, and he was the last man on earth to submit to dictation and threats. The gentleman from Virginia charged him with endorsing Burlingame's speech—Tremont Temple, and the like, down in Virginia. He did not endorse that speech. He is no apologist, and he would be re-opened. Mr. Bowlin's speech very much annoyed the better part of the Southerners by its inappropriateness, coarseness and vulgarity. He came close to the wall. When he was about to repeat his charge of ‘Know-Nothing’ in Virginia—said negroes were but one remove from monkeys, and acquired himself generally in the liveliest style of negro-driving.

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POETRY.

For the Liberator.

LINES.

Written on hearing of the Passage of the Personal Liberty Bill, May 21, 1855.

No more to bow beneath the yoke,
No more to wear the chain,
Fair Massachusetts now looks up,
And stands erect again.

Prostrate in deep and dark disgrace,
Our noble State laid low,
While Slavery's minions held the rule,
Scarce one short year ago.

She felt her degradation then,
Felt it in every part;
Low in the dust she bowed with shame,
And wildly throb'd her heart.

And then a firm resolve she made,
In that dark, evil hour,
That she no more would basely yield
To rude oppression's power.

But sons of hers, who'd help to bring
Upon her guilt and shame,
She would disown, and thus would wipe
The stigma from her name.

Was it a vain and wild resolve,
Or has she kept it well?
Go, ask ye those who've felt her scorn,
For surely they can tell.

The deed, for Freedom's cause, which she
Has bravely done to-day,
Shall for her past misdeeds atone,
And wipe her shame away.

Know, bootless braggarts of the South,
Her sons are freemen now,
No more beneath your iron rod,
Or servile yoke to bow.

Proudly to-day the Bay State stands,
And laughs to see your rage,
And shouts, "No honored son of mine
Shall as your tool engage."

Heaven bless our noble State, and grant
That she may ever be
A refuge for the poor oppres'd,
Home of the brave and free!

Haverhill, Mass. J. M. E.

For the Liberator.

THE CLERGY.

"It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting."—*Isaiah 1: 13.*"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall hold them in derision."—*Psalm 2: 4.*"Their folly shall be made manifest unto all men."—*L. Tim. 3: 1—II. Peter, chap. 2.*

The cock is a much better teacher
Than many a celebrated preacher;
And Balaam's stupid ass was wiser
Than many a modern moralizer;

The feathered king, with his red crown,
Is like a pompous teacher;

He does but need a black silk gown,
To conquer a church preacher.

Wiser is a cackling hen
Than a host of learned men,

Prauching, arguing and disputing,
Yet no false ideas confusing.

Chanticleer spoke truth to Peter,
Bishops speak but clatter clatter,

When they argue, "Hear the Church,"
And leave the Gospel in the tuck.

While thus with sacred things they play,
As suits the will of Mammon,

They combat evil in array,

Like dice that play backgammon.

Oft placed by hearers 'in a box,'

And tossed about and shaken,

They reason truth with paradox,

As eggs are fried with bacon

(Prince Satan gladly hides his fangs,

And grins his approbation,

Because he knows that such harangues

Will much increase his nation;)

Their hearers follow where they lead,

And lead those whom they follow,

Incessantly, with wond'rous speed,

The seeds of truth they hollow.

Their mighty army of forms

"Tis treason to surrender,

Mid clouds and sunshine, calm and storms,

Each is a church defender.

Oppression cries unto the Lord,

While they bow unto Mammon,

And Faith will yield a two-edged sword,

And end their game of gammon.

S. G. C.

GENTILITY.

Genteel it is to have soft hands,
But not genteel to work on lands;

Genteel it is to lie in bed,

But not genteel to earn your bread;

Genteel it is to cringe and bow,

But not genteel to sow and plough;

Genteel it is to play the beau,

But not genteel to reap and mow;

Genteel it is to keep a gig,

But not genteel to hoe and dig;

Genteel it is in trade to fail,

But not genteel to swing the fai;

Genteel it is to play the fool,

But not genteel to keep a school;

Genteel it is to cheat the tailor,

But not genteel to be a sailor;

Genteel it is to fight a duel,

But not genteel to cut your fuel;

Genteel it is to eat rich cake,

But not genteel to cook and bake;

Genteel it is to have the blues,

But not genteel to wear thick shoes;

Genteel it is to roll in wealth,

But not genteel to have good health;

Genteel it is to cut a friend,

But not genteel your clothes to mend;

Genteel it is to make a show,

But not genteel poor folks to know;

Genteel it is to run away,

But not genteel at home to stay;

Genteel it is to smile and smile,

But not genteel to shun all guile;

Genteel it is to be a knave,

But not genteel your cash to save;

Genteel it is to make a bet,

But not genteel to pay a debt;

Genteel it is to play at dice,

But not genteel to take advice;

Genteel it is to curse and swear,

But not genteel plain clothes to wear;

Genteel it is to know a lord,

But not genteel to pay your board;

Genteel it is to skip and hop,

But not genteel to tend a shop;

Genteel it is to waste your life,

But not genteel to love your wife.

I cannot tell what I may do,

Or what sad scenes may yet pass through;

I may, perchance, turn deaf and blind,

The pitiy of all human kind;

I may, perchance, be doomed to beg,

And hop about upon one leg;

And even may I come to steal,

But may I never be genteel!

Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe,

Oh! may I never get that low.

THE LIBERATOR.

LABORS OF JOSEPH BARKER ABROAD.

SALEM, (Ohio,) June 12, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I will now, according to promise, endeavor to give you some account of my labors, observations and experiences, during my sojourn on the other side of the Atlantic.

At Halifax, I had six lectures, and should have had three more, had not the Rev. Brewin Grant, M. A., been drawn into an acceptance of my challenge to discuss with me the Bible question publicly. My lectures were, first, on American, its government, laws and institutions,—its soil, climate and scenery,—its vegetable, animal and mineral productions,—its reforms and reformers,—its religious and political parties,—the char acter, manners and customs of the people—and whatever else might be interesting to intending emigrants. In these lectures, I tried to make my hearers acquainted with the great and awful question of American slavery, and with the noble men and women of all parties, who are laboring to bring this question to a righteous issue. But as I could, I did justice to your efforts in this solemn and all-important enterprise, to the efforts of your noble and mighty fellow-laborer, TAKONORE PARKER, and to the labors of all who have greatly distinguished themselves in any department of the anti-slavery cause. And my remarks on this subject were invariably well received. I spoke out all that I thought and all that I felt, mincing nothing; but the insolent disturbers were rebuked and held in check, and the results were highly satisfactory.

At Glosop is a manufacturing town in a romantic valley in Derbyshire, and the centre of a populous manufacturing district. I was to have lectured here many years ago, but no place could be got. Every large room was under sectarian influence. Since then, a large hall has been built on liberal principles, and here I began my lecturing labors after my return to England. I had large audiences, and, with the exception of a few impotent bigots, all were orderly. Twice we had the presence of the Congregational minister, who added much to the interest of the meeting, but his hearers responded most heartily, never stinting their praise of the philanthropy, the courage and the constancy of American anti-slavery reformers.

I also did justice, as far as I could, to our educational, medical, legal, religious and moral reformers. I tried to make my hearers acquainted with the woman's rights movement, also, and with the many noble minds interested in it. The strange phenomena of spiritualism, also, came in for some remarks, and were the feelings awakened by a statement of what I had seen, heard and read on this mysterious subject.

I had generally large audiences. My hearers, in most places, were chiefly from what are called the working classes. In some places, they were chiefly from the middle classes. In others, the classes were almost in equal proportions.

I lectured oftentimes on the Bible, endeavoring to show that the common notion of its supernatural origin and divine authority is false and injurious. In Sheffield, I delivered seven lectures on this subject, and in Liverpool, nine. These were my most exciting lectures. They were best attended, and they led to the most discussion. By many, my remarks were applauded, and by some they were denounced with horror. In Liverpool, the Orthodox priests and their friends mustered strong at my first meeting, and endeavored to prevent me from proceeding with my lecture. And they were terribly excited and violent. One of the priests laid hold on me, and the whole party burned with "holy indignation,"—the name which the Orthodox give to their most abusive and malignant disputant, and the worst-behaved man, I ever met. He speaks of unbelievers with the bitterest hate. When he fancies himself superior to his opponent, he treats him with the most malignant scorn and insolence, and heaps foul names on him without measure. He never offered to meet me again, though his custom is to crow over his opponents, and dare them to renew the combat. In consequence of his misrepresentations of my earlier writings, and my personal history, I publicly challenged him thrice to a public discussion of his personalities; but, afraid to submit his statements to public investigation, he declined the challenge.

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My last public debate was in Glasgow, with Colonel Shaw, of Bourtree Park, Ayr. The Colonel is a noble man. He did his best for his opinions, but he called names, showed no hate or spite, no bitterness or intolerance. He conducted himself like a gentleman from first to last. He treated the subject under discussion with gravity, and his opponent with respect and courtesy. He went right into the subject at the outset, and never attempted to leave it. He used no mean arts; he attempted no frauds. He believed the doctrine he advocated, and tried to prove it true by arguments; and if he failed, the fault was not in him, but in his cause.

The first night's debate was on Tuesday. On Wednesday, we met at supper at the house of a mutual friend, and spent our time agreeably, talking of America, Temperance, &c. On Thursday evening, we resumed the debate, and on Friday evening, the Colonel returned home to his family at Bourtree Park, about forty miles from Glasgow. He must have given his family a favorable report of me, for on Saturday I received a most beautiful note from his Lady, inviting me to visit them on the next Monday, and spend the day in visiting the birth-place and the monument of Burns, the banks and brasses of Bonnie Doon, &c. I went, and spent a most delightful day with my noble opponent and his family. His father, Captain Shaw, was as kind as the Colonel, and Mrs. Shaw and the children were not behind. On Tuesday, the Colonel and I returned in the same carriage to Glasgow to renew our fight; but I confess I felt it hard to debate in public with a man who could treat me so kindly in private. The discussion became a task, and I wished it over. It might prove instructive to the Colonel as well as to the audience, but I felt that my opponent had got the one thing needful, a candid, kind, and gentle soul, and that a change of opinion was a matter of less moment. However, I did my duty as well as I could, and tried to be kind and gentle towards my opponent as he was towards me; and on the second Thursday evening, the discussion came to a peaceful and harmonious close. The meeting was much astonished to see a theologic debate carried on without an angry word, or a mean, uncharitable personalitiy from either side; and when they saw my opponent at the close, shaking hands with my chairman, and me shaking hands with my opponent's chairman, and the two disputants shaking hands with each other, they seemed at a loss what to do, till some one led the way, and then the whole assembly joined in one loud, rapturous burst of applause. You once asked whether I was not wholy free from the superstitions of her time. She was a decided believer in witches. I can never forget her look as I said one day, "Mrs. Pierce, a man who would almost bear a comparison with — for love of truth, freedom and justice, for courage and constancy in a good cause, and for unaffected kindness and incorruptible integrity, presided at all my lectures, and was the gentleman chosen to confer on us the marks and expressions of the respect and affection of our Liverpool friends.

So much for my meetings in Liverpool. But if I write at this rate about all my meetings, I shall fill your whole paper, instead of a single column. I must, therefore, to shorten the remainder of my story.

At Sheffield, we had the vast Amphitheatre for our meetings, and the place was crowded. Here the prevailing feeling was in my favor, and the meetings were peaceful and orderly. A clergyman of the State Church rose at the close of my lectures, and attempted some defense of the Orthodox doctrine, but refused to enter into a discussion. He announced that he would review my lecture, and reply to my arguments, in the parish church. He did so; and as soon as reports of his lectures were out, I reviewed them. My Sheffield lectures, seven in all, including my reply to Rev. J. Sargent, were published, and those who wish to have the means of judging who had truth and argument on his side in this controversy may read the publication.

I met with many kind friends in Glasgow, kind friends of yours as well as kind friends of mine. Andrew Paton and his sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Pease Nichol, Mr. and Mrs. Cowper, Mr. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. Brown; and some with whom you are personally acquainted, such as Samuel Wilson, H. Crosskey, &c., did every thing that could be done to render my visit to Glasgow a pleasure to me. I also received great kindness from several who are better known as disbelievers in the prevalent theology than by their labors in connection with the great practical reforms of the day.

I was very agreeably disappointed by the kind and friendly manner in which I was received by Mrs. Pease Nichol. I called on her, at first, from a sense of duty, to testify my grateful sense of her kindness in years gone by, fearing that my calling might be unwelcome. I found her, however, as kind and good as ever—kind and better, perhaps; and the affectionate manner in which she spoke of you and a number of